VVar. Captaine, conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
VVar. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
VVest. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisde. *Exit*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, & therfore will not yeeld my L.
King. Ah *Exceter?*
VVar. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *VVarwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.
But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,
That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill broiles,
And whilst I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.
Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.
VVar. Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace him.
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
Yor. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Souud Trumpets.
Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke*, and his sonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my Souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to sea from whence I came. *Exit.*
Enter the Queene and the Prince.
Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Nay staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And

And giuen ouer rightes vnto the house of *Yorke*.
Art thou a King, and wilt be forst to yeelde?
Had I been there, the Souldiers should haue tost
Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would haue
Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Faulconbridge*
Commaundes the narrow Seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce mee *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lordes that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall, vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come Sonne, lets away, and leaue them heere alone.
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therfore be still.
King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me? *Exit.*
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielde,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her sonne,
Makes her in furie thus forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke,
Come cosen of *Exeter*, stay thou heere,
For *Clifford* and those Northen Lordes be gone
I feare towardes *Wakefielde*, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yor. How now sonnes? what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs; The Crowne of England father.
York. The Crowne boy? Why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shal raigne in quiet till his death.